Lotus Songs

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Gift of
Mrs. George Potter
In Memory of

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Oakland.

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THE

Lotus Song Book.

A COLLECTION OF SONGS

FOR THE USE OF LOTUS CIRCLES.

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THE LOTUS JOURNAL,
8, INVERNESS PLACE, QUEEN'S ROAD, W.

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

We have to tender hearty thanks to Mr. H. Ernest Nichol for his generous permission to include in this collection Nos. 2, 4, 6, 7, 9, 10, 12, 14, 16, 19, 21, 22, 24, and 35; to Dr. Stanton Coit for permission to reprint, from the *Ethical Hymns*, Nos. 3, 15, 29, 33, and 40—and we would also acknowledge our indebtedness to this source for several tunes which are no longer copyright; to Messrs. Curwen for permission to print Nos. 51 and 54; to Messrs. Gay & Bird for permission to use Miss Ella Wheeler Wilcox's poem (No. 58), of which they hold the copyright; and to Mr. George Whyte for the gift of No. 63, and for much valuable help in revision and proof-correcting. Finally, we wish to acknowledge our great indebtedness to those Members of the London Lotus Lodge who gathered together the first Collection of Songs and Tunes which the Editors have used as the nucleus of the present volume.

We have endeavoured in every case to find the owners of the copyright of words and music, but in some instances our search has been fruitless. If, therefore, we have in any case infringed copyright, we can only offer our earnest apologies, and an assurance that the offence is an entirely involuntary one.

The Lotus Journal,
8, Inverness Place, Queen's Road,
London, W.

January, 1907.

FOREWORD.

IN such a body as the Theosophical Society, numbering as it does to-day some 10,000 members, there must be many parents or guardians of young people who, whilst they have, perhaps, given up regular attendance at church or chapel, yet feel it desirable that the children under their charge should have some form of religious worship and instruction. To meet this want there have been started, in several different parts of the world where branches of the Society exist, Ethical Classes for children under the name of *Lotus Circles*. The lines on which these classes are conducted rest entirely with their leader, as in a society which has no specific creed, or dogmas of any kind, it would not be either possible or advisable to impose any set form of instruction. And it is interesting to note, in reading reports from the different Lotus Circles, how varied are the methods employed to interest the children, and to endeavour to awaken and to cultivate in them a response to noble thoughts and ideals. It may, perhaps, be helpful to persons starting a Lotus Circle, if we give an outline programme of how such meetings are sometimes conducted, embodying suggestions which come from correspondents in different places who have found such plans work successfully.

We would once more insist that there is no orthodox way of conducting a Lotus Circle, but that every person who undertakes the responsibility of leading such a class, must find out the methods best suited to the genius of the particular children he or she has to guide.

When the children have been gathered together in a suitable room—containing, if possible, a piano or harmonium—the first thing to be done is to get them all to join in something, and with this end in view nothing seems likely to prove of greater value than the universally approved plan of singing together. Most children can sing, and most children enjoy singing, and even in the rare cases where one or two of the children cannot take an active part, good must surely accrue to the whole class from

the attempt to do something collectively, and, where the singing is good, from the harmonious vibrations produced. Where the material is at all promising, it will well repay the teacher if he makes a special feature of the singing, encouraging the children to put their best efforts into it, perhaps practising with them at some other time in the week, and teaching them to sing in parts. There is no reason why really good and effective part-singing should not grow out of the Lotus Circle singing, and in this way a choir might be formed which would prove a refreshing and helpful feature at the meetings of the adult Lodges.

Ever since its foundation in 1892, the London Lotus Circle has followed the plan of singing songs at its weekly meetings; and it was the desire to help other Lotus Circles to follow the same plan, and the receipt of many requests for copies of their songs and words, that induced some members of the London Lotus Lodge to gather together the present collection. It was not, however, until two very generous members of the Theosophical Society, who desire to remain anonymous, came forward with offers of substantial help, that it was felt to be really possible to publish a collection of words and music; and even then, the cost of printing was so heavy, and the difficulty of obtaining permission to use copyright words or music so great, that it was found necessary to confine the present volume within very modest limits. It is hoped that, so far as it goes, it may be useful, and that at some future time it may be the nucleus of a larger work.

Before quitting this point we should like here to place on record our indebtedness to yet another member of the Society, Mr. H. Ernest Nichol, who has helped us most generously and practically in the copyright difficulty, by freely placing at our disposal a number of his own compositions, both words and music.

To return, then, to the methods of conducting a Lotus Circle. Again, in accordance with the universally accepted methods of conducting any form of public worship, it has been found useful, after the singing, to have a short passage from some great writer read aloud. When this has been done, the leader of the class may, or may not, think well to find out how much of the passage has been understood by the children, or may feel disposed to put the writer's thoughts in other and simpler words.

After this, in some Lotus Circles, each child repeats aloud, standing, a short passage which he has either found for himself, or had given him to learn by the teacher the previous week. A pretty custom is to let each child, on joining the class, choose some flower name by which he or she

shall be called in class—the opportunity being herein given to lead the children to think of themselves as representing flowers, and of feeling the obligation to bring the brightness and sweetness, the strength and purity of their own chosen flower into the home, and daily life, and coming together in class as a garden of flowers—each with its own special characteristics, but all combining to produce harmony and joy.

Some adopt the plan of having a roll-call of the different flower names, each member responding by a quotation which he or she has chosen and learnt.

After these preliminaries the lesson for the day is taken up, and it is here that the individuality of the teacher has full play. If the class is a large one, or if the children's ages vary very much, it is well to divide it, taking some more serious study with the elder children, whilst the young ones are told a story or allegory, or taught some simple nature lesson.

The study of the elder children must again depend greatly on their particular idiosyncracies. To some it may be possible to talk of the great ideals in which their theosophical studies have led the elders to believe—of the laws of Re-birth and of Karma; of the reality and scope of the after-death life; of the unity underlying all the Religions of the World; of the kinship of all the Kingdoms of Nature.

The effort should be always directed towards making the child feel that he or she lives in a realm of Law, that the Universe is not a *Chaos* built out of a fortuitous concourse of atoms, "but a *Cosmos* brought forth by Divine Love, and steadily guided and shaped by myriads of living beings of endlessly varying grades of intelligence." As he is helped to see this view revealed in the World Scriptures, and in the great writers of all ages, he will grow up to feel his own responsibility as one atom in a realm of law. Being taught that there is truth in every presentment of religious belief, he will feel free to follow along the lines that to him seem truest, and thus encountering no outer rigidity of form, he will be free to expand the Divinity within him in the way best suited to his own temperament. Only one thing he must be taught to bear constantly in mind, that "there is no religion higher than Truth." With this as his touchstone he will go forth into the labyrinth of life armed with a veritable Ariadne's thread wherewith to follow its mazes; and he will, perhaps, be saved some of the bitter hours of doubt and despair which once beset his elders, who had either to fight their way free from dogmas against which their better natures revolted, or to grope for many years amongst what appeared to be the unfathomable mysteries of the Universe and God.

Surely if we have found a teaching which, to us, is good and precious, we should do ill to withhold it from those younger ones whom the Good Law brings under our care. Never should we press our views upon the younger mind, but when we see that it responds should we not give freely, and see to it that we give of our very best?

If the Lotus Circles hold before themselves aims such as these, there is little danger of their adding to the number of the already existing sectarian children's classes. We would once again urge the necessity for the utmost circumspection and wisdom in the leaders of the Lotus Circle. The theosophist knows that the egos in bodies of the same age may be egos of very different ages in reality; he may find that the children whom he is trying to teach are much older souls than he is himself, and that they demand of him all and more than all the knowledge he can give them. Or he may find, on the other hand, that things that to him are truths beyond challenge arouse no response in the minds of his hearers. In that case he would feel no need to insist upon the truth of such teachings. He might place them before the child as his own belief, he might even point to such belief as underlying some of the great Writings of the world, but beyond this it would ill become him to go, for his function is never to force on the young mind his own belief or experiences, but to help the slowly awakening intelligence to unfold in the manner best suited to its own highest development.

Lest some who love children, and would fain help in this work of the Lotus Circles, be tempted to think from the above suggestions that the task of aiding in such work is too high for them, we would only add one word—that far away and beyond all qualities of mind and intellect is the one essential for all good teaching, *love*. Without the love that means sympathy, that means the power to enter into the child's mind and understand his puzzles, that means the untiring patience which is ready to wait, whilst the child draws together the dim and misty images in his mind into more or less coherent thought—without all this the knowledge and erudition of the whole world is as naught. But with it, with the selfless desire to pour forth upon these souls in younger bodies some of the light that has helped us, that thereby they may tread the path more quickly, and avoid some of the pitfalls of the way—with the true pity and tenderness and love which should surely characterize all who feel the infinite claim that weakness, though it be merely of the physical body, has upon greater strength—fortified with such armour we venture to think that there is not one who may not help in this Lotus work if he so desire it.

1.—The White Lotus.

Author unknown.

FRIEDRICH SILCHER (1837).

VOICE.
1. Tri - sym - bol'd blos-som of light, Whence didst thou come and where Didst
2. Oh! child of Im- mor- tal des - cent, The story's not written in time, The
ACCOMPT.
gath - er the ra - diance white That clothes thee with splendour so fair? Tell
seed from e - ter- ni - ty sent, Must blos-som in hea-ven - ly clime; It
it..... that chil-dren may know, The won-drous tale of Thy birth,..... The
pierces the dark realm of earth, From shade and il- lu-sion set free,..... And
cres.
plane of thy na - tive realm show,..... Thou breath'st no breath of the earth!....
blooms in the land of its birth,..... In glo - ri - ous pu - ri - ty.....

2.—Daisies and Roses.

COLIN STERNE.
TREBLES ONLY, IN UNISON.

H. ERNEST NICHOL, Mus. Bac.
(Copyright, by permission of H. E. Nichol, Hull.)

Cheerfully. ♩ = 60.
p
(A) Dai - sies of the mea - dow In our hands we bear,
(B) Ro - ses of the gar - den In our hands are seen,
Chil-dren of the sun and wind So fresh and fair;
For the rose of all the flow'rs Is crown'd the queen;
White and pure, with crim - son tips Clos - ing up at night,
Scent - ed buds of pink and red, Com - ing in - to birth,
rall.
Op'n-ing wide each gold - en eye To greet the morn-ing light.
Op-en'd blooms with ru - by hearts, A touch of heav'n on earth.

Daisies and Roses.—*continued.*

mf CHORUS (Four Parts). ♩. = 60.
(A & B) O the love - ly flow - ers, Bright with morn - ing dew!
Gifts of beau - ty straight from God To me and you.
mf
O the love - ly flow - ers, Bright with morn - ing dew!
Gifts of beau - ty straight from God To me and you.

(*A*) Daisies are like noontide,
Daises are the best;
(*B*) Roses have the lovely tints
That crown the west.
(*A*) Daisies look towards the sky,
(*B*) Heav'n the roses prove,
(*A*) Daisies shine with faith and hope,
(*B*) But roses glow with love.

(*A & B*) Let us strive no longer
Which the best to call;
God the perfect Father 'tis
Who giveth all.
Wind-blown daisies, roses fair,
E'en the grassy sod,
Touch our hearts with loving thoughts
And speak to us of God.

SUGGESTIONS FOR PERFORMANCE.—The singers should be divided into two groups, A and B. Group A to have bouquets of daisies; B roses. The portions to be sung by each group are indicated by letters. Each group when singing should display flowers prominently, whilst the other group should keep theirs out of view as much as possible. If it be inconvenient to provide all the singers with flowers, two small groups, or even soloists, may be chosen for the verse parts, the whole body joining in the chorus.

3.—Hidden Seeds.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. From The Ethical Song Book. H. BAKER.

1. There is no wind but sow - eth seeds Of a more
2. We find with - in these souls of ours Some wild germs
true and op - en life, Which burst, un - look'd for, in - to
of a high - er birth, Which in the po - et's trop - ic
high - soul'd deeds, With way - side beau - ty rife.
heart bear flowers, Whose fra - grance fills the earth.

3 Within the heart of all men lie
These promises of wider bliss,
Which blossom into hopes that cannot die
In sunny hours like this.

4 All that hath been majestical
In life or death since time began,
Is native in the simple heart of all—
The Angel-heart of Man.

4.—The Hidden Life.

COLIN STERNE. H. ERNEST NICHOL, Mus. Bac.

Devotionally, but not too slowly. ♩ = 92. (Copyright, by permission of H. E. Nichol, Hull.)

pp
1. O give us light, we pray Thee, Lord, at ev - en!
2. O give us truth, the truth of per - fect white - ness!
cres.
Light that shall touch our souls with glo - ry of the morn;
So that our souls may lie all op - en to Thy glance;
p
Chang - ing from gloom to soft - est hues of hea - ven,
No hid - den sin to mar their lim - pid bright - ness.
mf
rit.
Like the dim splen-dour of a day new - born.
Stain - less and pure be - fore Thy coun - te - nance.

3 O give us love, or all is unavailing!
Love from Thy deepest heart, compassion all divine;
Bind us in one with links of gold unfailing,
One in the love of Christ, the living Vine.

4 O give us peace beyond all earthly seeing!
Peace like the calmness of a still and starlit sea;
Peace that is deeper than our deepest being,
Where self is lost to self and found in Thee.

5.—God's Garment.

GEORGE HERBERT (altered). OLD MELODY.

Slowly.

1. All Na - ture is to God, A - glor - ious gar - ment rare,
2. His is the force which acts, The will that moves is His,
And he who looks be - neath that robe May find Him ev - 'ry - where.
Midst earth's il - lu - sions man is wise If he dis - cern - eth this.
Th'E - ter - nal Great First Cause In all a - round we see;
A man that looks on glass, On it may stay his eye;
And there is noth - ing low or mean, For there is naught but He.
Or, if he pleas - eth, through it pass, And then the heav'n es - py.

3 The common course of life,
The daily round we plod,
The tasks that seem so wearisome,
May all be done for God.
All may of Him partake:
Nothing can be so mean
Which, with this tincture, for His sake,
Will not grow bright and clean.

4 A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine;
Who sweeps a room, as for His laws,
Makes that small action fine.
This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold;
For that which God doth touch and own,
Cannot for less be told.

6.—God's Music.

COLIN STERNE.

H. ERNEST NICHOL, Mus. Bac.

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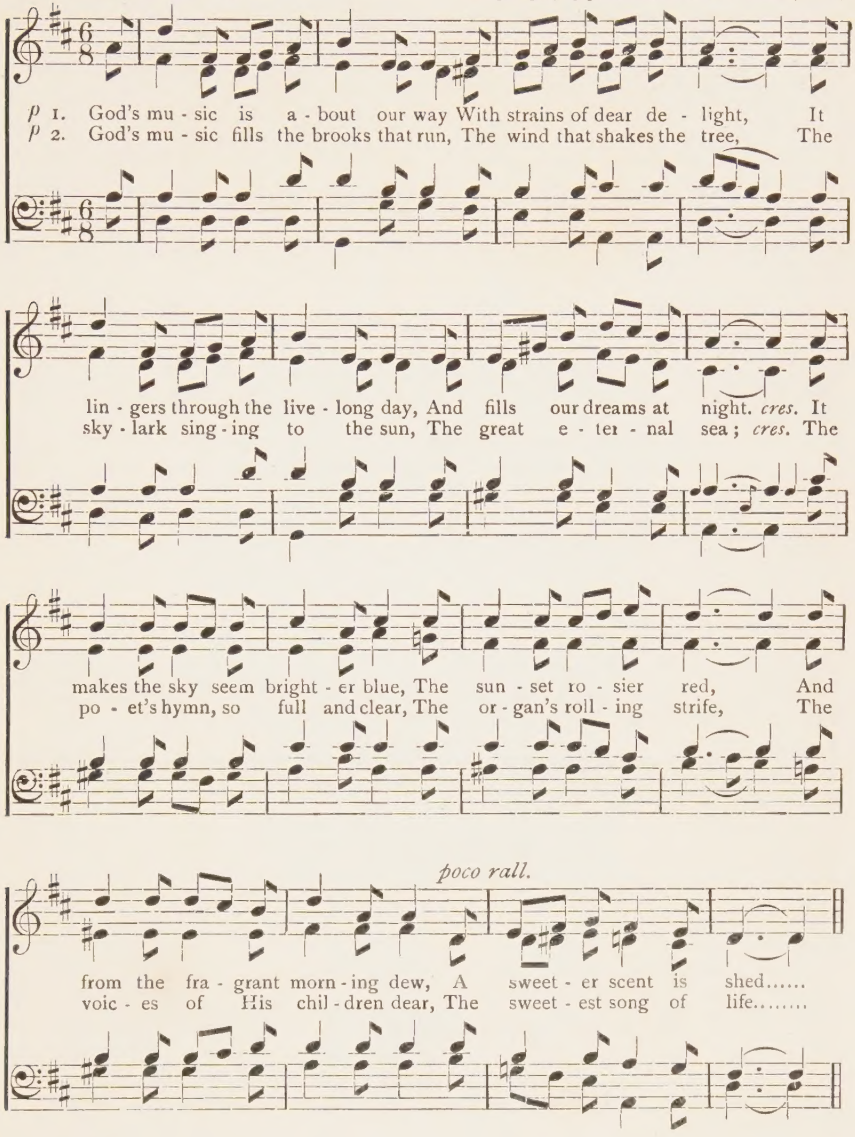
Smoothly. ♩ = 60.


p 1. God's mu - sic is a - bout our way With strains of dear de - light, It
p 2. God's mu - sic fills the brooks that run, The wind that shakes the tree, The
lin - gers through the live - long day, And fills our dreams at night. cres. It
sky - lark sing - ing to the sun, The great e - ter - nal sea; cres. The
makes the sky seem bright - er blue, The sun - set ro - sier red, And
po - et's hymn, so full and clear, The or - gan's roll - ing strife, The
poco rall.
from the fra - grant morn - ing dew, A sweet - er scent is shed.....
voic - es of His chil - dren dear, The sweet - est song of life.....

p 3 God's music ever springs to birth
In souls of purest white,
And turns the common things of earth
To fountains of delight.

cres. O grant Thy children, as we sing,
That through the ages long
Thy music in our hearts may ring
dim. In one undying song!

7.—O Light Everlasting!

COLIN STERNE.

Devotionally. ♩ = 100.

H. ERNEST NICHOL, Mus. Bac., Oxon.

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pp
1. When sun - set comes, all sweet and soft and ten - der,
2. When all Thy stars, in gold - en glo - ry burn - ing,
pp
p
When all the west - ern clouds with crim - son ra - diance bloom, When
Watch o'er the sleep-ing town or shine up - on the sea, When
peak and crag are lit with part - ing splen - dour, While all the
all our souls are fill'd with ho - ly yearn - ing, Dead to the
rall.
pp
vale be - low is wrapt in gathering gloom, Be near us, Lord!
cares of earth, a - live with love to Thee, Be near us, Lord!

pp CHORUS. ♩. = 56.
O Light ev - er - last - ing, Shine up - on our way!
O splendour im - mor - tal, be our strength and stay!
mf
Love ten - der - ly guid - ing, Joy ev - er a - bid - ing,
pp
poco rall.
Peace in our deep - est heart by night and day,

3 O living Light! Thy children here adore Thee;
Each heart is waiting, Lord, Thy footsteps from afar,
Shine in our souls and chase the dark before Thee,
Come in the flush of dawn, O bright and morning Star.
Be near us, Lord!

4 When life's last glow on earthly heights is waning,
When down the vale we pass amid the deep'ning night,
Be near us, Lord, with strength and hope sustaining,
Lift us, O Father, into never fading light.
Be near us, Lord!

8.—Life's Mirror.

Author unknown. LOTUS SONG.

1. There are loy - al hearts, there are spi - rits brave, There are
2. Give love, and love to your heart will flow, A
souls that are pure and true— Then give to the world the
strength in your ut - most need; Have faith, and a score of
best you have, And the best will come back to you.
hearts will show Their faith in your word and deed.

3 Give truth, and your gift will be paid in kind,
And honour will honour meet,
And a smile that is sweet will surely find
A smile that is just as sweet.

4 Give pity and sorrow to those who mourn;
You will gather, in flowers, again
The scattered seeds from your thought outborne,
Though the sowing seemed but in vain.

5 For Life is the mirror of king and slave;
'Tis just what we are and do;
Then give to the world the best you have
And the best will come back to you.

9.—A Right Good Will.

COLIN STERNE.

H. ERNEST NICHOL, Mus.Bac., Oxon.

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Boldly. ♩ = 120.

f 1. With a right good will let us do our work, Tho' the
mf 2. Let us bold - ly stand in the storm of life, With its
toil seem hard and long; Let us stand up brave - ly and
min - gled right and wrong! cr. We can do our work in the
ff
nev - er shirk, But sing - ing a hear - ty song: With a
midst of strife, f Still sing - ing a hear - ty song: With a
right good will, with a right good will, a right good will!
right good will, with a right good will, a right good will!

mp 3 We have each our work that none else can do,
In the busy human throng;
cr Let us find it out with a purpose true,
f Still singing a hearty song:
ff With a right good will!

p 4 There is God on high, in the heaven of light,
He will help us all life long;
mf We can know no fear if we do the right,
f Still singing a hearty song:
ff With a right good will!

10.—Children Singing.

COLIN STERNE.

Brightly. ♩ = 132.

H. ERNEST NICHOL, Mus. Bac., Oxon.

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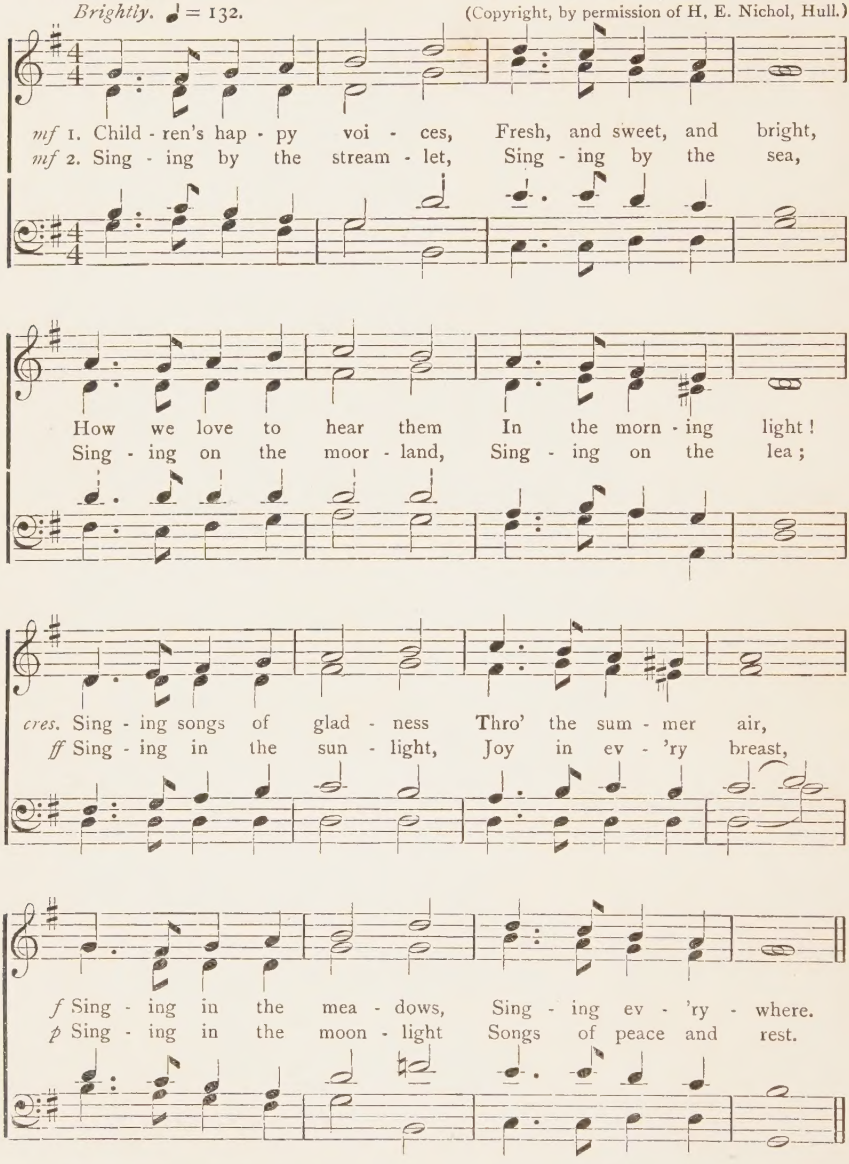
mf 1. Child - ren's hap - py voi - ces, Fresh, and sweet, and bright,
mf 2. Sing - ing by the stream - let, Sing - ing by the sea,
How we love to hear them In the morn - ing light!
Sing - ing on the moor - land, Sing - ing on the lea;
cres. Sing - ing songs of glad - ness Thro' the sum - mer air,
ff Sing - ing in the sun - light, Joy in ev - 'ry breast,
f Sing - ing in the mea - dows, Sing - ing ev - 'ry - where.
p Sing - ing in the moon - light Songs of peace and rest.

mf 3 Singing in the schoolroom,
Singing in the choir,
Singing in the homestead,
Singing by the fire;

cres. Blessèd children's voices,
Sent from God above,
f Filling life with sunshine,
Filling hearts with love!

11.—The Story comes from long ago.

"VIOLET." MICHAEL HAYDN (1737–1806).

1. The sto - ry comes from long a - go Of weird and so - lemn stream, Where
2. Our ma - ny lives in days of old, Our ma - ny lives in store, Are
lies for - got - ten all we know, And life seems but a dream. Not
joined as by some thread of gold, Till death shall come no more. Death
all for - got - ten, not all void, The chain that links the past, Now
is the meet - ing of the ways, Where Past to Fu - ture yields; The
on - ly hid - den, not destroyed, Still binds us sure and fast.
gar-nered thoughts of for - mer days We bear to oth - er fields.

3 From life to life we passing seem
To vanish 'neath the tide,
Like footprints hidden by a stream
But seen on either side.

Then may each life ring true and clear,
And yield its harvest rare
To that Bright Self, forever dear,
Whose wondrous Life we share.

12.—Happy Little Children.

COLIN STERNE. H. ERNEST NICHOL, Mus. Bac., Oxon.

CHILDREN ONLY, IN UNISON. (Copyright, by permission of H. E. Nichol, Hull.

Simply. ♩. = 69.

mf 1. Hap - py lit - tle chil - dren, Stand we here to - day,
2. We have hands[1] to serve Him, Ti - ny though they be,
Rea - dy for the Mas - ter's ser - vice, Work or play.
They can help in lov - ing ac - tions Fair and free.

3 We have eyes[2] to see with,
Bright and wide awake:
They can guide our hands to duty
p For His sake.

4 We have lips[3] to utter
Simple words of love,
With the grace of Christ the Saviour
Hearts to move.

mf 5 We have ears[4] to listen
What our teachers say:
We can try to do their bidding
Day by day.

6 We have feet[5] to hasten,
Quick to run and aid;
For the Master's willing service
They were made.

6 Link'd to one another[6]
In the bonds of love,
In the love of our dear Saviour
Christ above.

ACTION (optional)—(1) *Extend arms forward, hands with palms downwards.* (2) *Draw right hand from left to right across eyes.* (3) *Touch lips with right forefinger.* (4) *Movement as if pushing hair back from ears with both hands simultaneously.* (5) *Point to feet with right forefinger, at the same time looking down at them.* (6) *Each child to place the right arm lightly round the neck of the next one, the hand resting on the right shoulder. Remain so to end of verse.*

13.—Be Active.

From HUMMEL (1778–1837).

1. Live for something! be not i - dle, Look a - bout you for em - ploy,
2. Scat - ter bles-sings in your path-way, Gen - tle words and cheer-ing smiles;
Sit not down to use - less dreaming, La - bour is the sweet - est joy.
Bet - ter far than gold and sil - ver Are their grief - dis - pell - ing wiles.
Fold - ed hands are ev - er wea - ry, Sel - fish hearts are nev - er gay,
As the plea - sant sun-shine fall - eth Ev - er on the grate - ful earth,
Life for you hath ma - ny du - ties; Ac - tive be, then, while you may.
So let sym - pa - thy and kind - ness Glad - den well the dark - en'd hearth.

3 On the hearts oppressed and weary,
Drop the tear of sympathy;
Whisper words of hope and comfort;
Give, and your reward shall be
Joy unto your soul returning
From this perfect fountain head.
Freely, as you freely give it
Shall the grateful light be shed.

14.—No Surrender!

COLIN STERNE.

H. ERNEST NICHOL, Mus. Bac., Oxon.

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Boldly. ♩ = 144.

f 1. Like some he - ro of the o - cean, Like some war - rior of the field,
mf 2. E - vil deeds are all a - round you, E - vil thoughts come in your breast;
Fight the fight of faith and free - dom, Fight till death and nev - er yield!
Face them all with heart un-flinch-ing, Fight, and leave to God the rest.
ff CHORUS.
"No sur-ren - der! no sur-ren-der!" Ev - er be our bat - tle - cry;
rit.
No sur - ren - der! no sur - ren - der! Win the fight, or die!

mf 3 Though the world deride and mock you,
f Nail your colours to the mast!
God's own strength shall fight within you,
Till the strife is overpast.
ff No surrender! etc.

mf 4 Fierce temptations will assail you,
Sins of greed and sins of lust;
f Show that ye are God's own freemen,
Strike the tyrants to the dust!
ff No surrender! etc.

mf 5 So your soul shall grow in greatness,
Grow in light and liberty;
p God's own peace shall dwell within you,
God's own truth shall make you free.
ff No surrender! etc.

15.—Haste not, Rest not.

After GOETHE. (From The Ethical Song Book). GERMAN.

1. With - out haste and with - out rest, Bind the mot - to to thy breast,
2. Haste not—let no thought-less deed, Mar the spi - rit's stea - dy speed,
Bear it with thee as a spell, Storm or sun - shine, guard it well.
Pon - der well and know the right, On - ward then with all thy might;
Heed not flow'rs that round thee bloom; Bear it on - ward to the tomb.
Haste not—years may not a - tone For one reck - less ac - tion done.

3 Rest not—life is sweeping by,
Do and dare before you die,
Something worthy and sublime
Leave behind to conquer time;
Something which shall live for aye,
When these forms have passed away.

4 Haste not, rest not—calm in strife,
Meekly bear the storms of life;
Duty be thy polar guide,
Do the right whate'er betide;
Haste not, rest not—conflicts past,
Peace shall crown thy work at last.

16.—I would be like my Master.

COLIN STERNE. H. ERNEST NICHOL, Mus. Bac., Oxon.

In moderate time. ♩ = 80. (Copyright, by permission of H. E. Nichol, Hull.)

p 1. I would be like my Mas - ter, Com - pas - sion - ate and mild, cr. So
mf 2. I would be like my Mas - ter, f So no - ble, great and strong, De -
full of love and sym - pa-thy, dim. So pure and un - de - filed; mf No
- nounc - ing all in - i - qui - ty, And swift to right the wrong; mf A
scorn should dwell with - in me, dim. No pride my heart should move, p The
burn - ing love of good - ness Should flame with - in my soul, And
poco rit.
sin - ner, out - cast, mean and poor, Should share my ten-derest love.
words of truth and light from me A - cross the dark should roll.

3 *mf* I would be like my Master;
p But oh, I am so weak!
cr. Not mine to flood the world with love,
dim. Nor burning truths to speak;

p Yet grant at least, O Master,
That in my life may shine
Some far-off gleam, some distant ray
rit. Of Thee, the Light divine.

17.—"Karma."

From WHITTIER'S *Raphael.* J. OETTLE.

1. The tis - sue of the life to be We
2. Still, shall the soul a - round it call The
weave with col - ours all our own, And in the field of
sha - dows which it gath - er'd here, And, paint - ed on th'e -
Des - ti - ny We reap as we have sown.
ter - nal wall, The past shall re - ap - pear.

3 Think ye the notes of holy song
On Milton's tuneful ear have died?
Think ye that Raphael's Angel throng
Has vanished from his side?

4 O, no! we live our life again,
Or warmly touched or coldly dim;
The pictures of the past remain,
Man's works shall follow him.

18.—Love Divine.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTOR. MOZART (arranged by G. W.).

1. Love di - vine! thro' all things flow-ing, Thou thro' us dost ev - er flow—
2. Love di - vine, O, take us! make us In thy ser - vice swift and free,
Lit - tle chan-nels, larg - er growing As we learn to love and know—
Thou wilt use us, not re-fuse us, Glad thy mess - en - gers to be;
As we learn the joy of giv - ing, Find-ing, as the days go by,
To that ser-vice, sweet and low - ly, All our time and strength be given,
Love is life—the on - ly liv - ing— When we love no more, we die.
Till that ser - vice, high and ho - ly, Make the wait - ing earth a heaven.

19.—Do it with thy Might.

COLIN STERNE.

Boldly. ♩ = 144.

H. ERNEST NICHOL, Mus.Bac., Oxon.

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ff 1. Would you like to be a he - ro Af - ter God's own heart?
f 2. Be not one of those who lin - ger Ov - er tasks un - done;
f Would you like in life's great dra - ma Well to play your part?
ff On - ly in the fire of ac - tion Vic - t'ry can be won.
mf Take these words then as a mot - to, And a guid - ing light,—
f As the smith up - on the an - vil Shapes his work a - right,
ff² UNISON.
rall.
"What - so - e'er thy hand be do - ing, Do it with thy might!"
"What - so - e'er thy hand be do - ing, Do it with thy might!"

mf 3 So whatever comes before you,
Whether work or play,
When you set about some study,
p When you kneel to pray,—

f Put your heart in every duty,
Be it great or slight;
ff "Whatso'er thy hand be doing,
rall. Do it with thy might!"

20.—One by One.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTOR. MICHAEL HAYDN (1737–1806).

1. One by one the sands are flow-ing, One by one the mo-ments fall,
2. One by one thy griefs shall meet thee; Do not fear an arm-ed band;
Some are com-ing, some are go-ing, Do not strive to grasp them all.
One will fade as oth-ers greet thee—Shad-ows, pass-ing thro' the land.
One by one thy du-ties wait thee; Let thy whole strength go to each;
Do not lin-ger in re-gret-ting, Or for pass-ing hours des-pond,
Let no fu-ture dreams e-late thee; Learn thou first what these can teach.
Nor the dai-ly task for-get-ting, Look too eag-er-ly be-yond.

3 Every hour that flies so slowly
Has its task to do or bear;
Luminous the crown and holy,
When each gem is set with care.

One by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall,
Some are coming, some are going,
Do not strive to grasp them all.

21.—Speak the Truth.

COLIN STERNE.

With marked accent. ♩ = 116.

H. ERNEST NICHOL, Mus.Bac., Oxon.

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f 1. If a - mong the tru - ly no - ble You would like to rank as great,
f 2. Do not fal - ter for a mo- ment, Or the time may be too late·
Here's a word to help you, bro - ther: Speak the truth out, bold and straight!
Like an ar - row to the tar - get, Speak the truth out, bold and straight!
ff Speak the truth! speak the truth! Speak the truth out, bold and straight!
ff Speak the truth! speak the truth! Speak the truth out, bold and straight!

mf 3 Speak it not in tones of anger,
Speak it not with words of hate;
Calm and kindly, but unflinching,
f Speak the truth out, bold and straight!

mf 4 Though the truth may seem to lead you,
To a dark and dismal fate,
Though a lie may seem to save you,
f Speak the truth out bold and straight!

mf 5 Some will doubt and some believe you,
Some will love and some will hate;
f But there's One will never leave you:
Speak the truth out bold and straight!

mf 6 Earthly shows are false and fleeting,
Worldly wealth and worldly state;
f Heaven is true, and if you'd win it
Speak the truth out, bold and straight!

22.—The Golden Chain.

COLIN STERNE.

H. ERNEST NICHOL, Mus.Bac., Oxon.
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CHILDREN ONLY. *Simply.* ♩. = 63.

p
1. Lit - tle links of gold are we In a chain of love,
2. Ev - 'ry lit - tle link must be Strong and pure and fine;
Reach-ing from this earth[1] of ours Up[2] - to God a - bove.
With[7] the oth - er lit - tle links Close - ly must it twine.
CHORUS. ♩ = 63.
mf
May my link[3] be ev - er bright, Shin-ing[4] with a heav'n-ly light, A heav'n-ly[5] light.[6]

3 Glowing with eternal love
May we ever last,
Quick[8] to clasp all broken links,
Hold[9] them close and fast.
May my link, etc.

4 Love[10] to lower creatures dumb,
Love to birds and flowers,
Is the duty of each link
In[11] this chain of ours.
May my link, etc.

5 Love to parents, teachers, friends,
In each link should move;
Love[12] to Christ the Holy One,
Love[13] to God above.
May my link, etc.

6 Stretching downward,[14] upward,[15] round,[16]
See this chain unfold,
Binding[17] all the world in one
With its links of gold.
May my link, etc.

ACTION (optional).—(1) *Extend hands forwards and downwards.* (2) *Raise extended hands above head.* (3) *Clasp the two hands together in front of body.* (4) *Raise the clasped hands above head.* (5) *Separate the hands, keeping them raised.* (6) *Let hands drop to sides.* (7) *Each child to pass the right arm through the left of next child.* (8) *Extend arms forward.* (9) *Cross arms on breast, as if clasping.* (10) *Bend down with one arm extended, as though caressing a dog.* (11) *Children join hands with one another.* (12) *Clasp the hands in front of breast.* (13) *Raise extended hands above head, looking upwards.* (14) *Point down with right hand.* (15) *Point up with right hand.* (16) *Wave right hand to right.* (17) *Cross the arms, each child joining hands with the next.*

The normal position should be with the hands hanging loosely at the sides. Each position as indicated should be continued until the end of the line in which it occurs, when the normal position should be returned to. The only exception is No. 7, which should be retained for two lines. The actions given for the Chorus should be used at each repetition.

23.—The True Life.

REV. HORATIO BONAR, D.D. GERMAN.

1. He liv - eth long who liv - eth well— All
2. He liv - eth long who liv - eth well— All
oth - er life is short and vain; He liv - eth long - est
else is life but thrown a - way; He liv - eth long - est
who can tell Of liv - ing most for heav'n - ly gain.
who can tell Of true things tru - ly done each day.

3 Be wise, and use thy wisdom well—
Who wisdom speaks must live it, too;
He is the wisest, who can tell
How first he lived, then spoke, the true.

4 Fill up each hour with what will last—
Buy up the moments as they go;
The lives which come when this is past,
Are but the fruits from this which flow.

5 Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure,
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright;
Sow sunbeams upon rich and poor,
And find a harvest-home of light!

24.—Gentle Thoughts.

COLIN STERNE.

H. ERNEST NICHOL, Mus. Bac., Oxon.

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In flowing style. ♩. = 56.

p 1. O Mas-ter, give me gen-tle thoughts, That I may ev-er be Un-
p 2. O Mas-ter, give me gen-tle words, That ev-'ry-where I move The
mov'd a-mid a world of strife, And wrapt thro'-out my earth-ly life In
face of grief may smile a-gain, The suf-f'ring one for-get his pain, And
mf
con-verse close with Thee! O let Thy Spi-rit touch my heart, Thy Light with-in me
an-ger turn to love! May no hard words of wrath and hate Fall heedless from my
cres.
rall.
shine, That I may nev-er live a-part From Thee, the Truth Di-vine!
tongue; Give gen-tle-ness that mak-eth great, dim. And truth that mak-eth strong.

p 3 O Master, give me gentle deeds
With Thy compassion fill'd;
Bid selfishness for ever cease,
Let restless longings be at peace,
And passion's voice be still'd.

And keep me humble, dearest Lord,
By Thine own grace divine,
cr. That in each thought and deed and word
dim. Not I but Christ may shine.

25.—Speak Gently.

ELIZA COOK. From SPOHR (1759–1827).

1. Speak gent - ly, it is bet - ter far To
2. Speak gent - ly to the young, for they Will
rule by love than fear; Speak gent - ly, let no
have e - nough to bear; Pass through this life as
harsh word mar The good we may do here.
best they may, 'Tis full of anx - ious care.

3 Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the careworn heart;
The sands of life are nearly run,
Let them in peace depart.

4 Speak gently to the erring ones—
They must have toiled in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so,
O, win them back again!

5 Speak gently,—'tis a little thing,
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy, that it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

26.—The Law of Love.

LOTUS SONG. J. H. KNECHT (1752–1817).

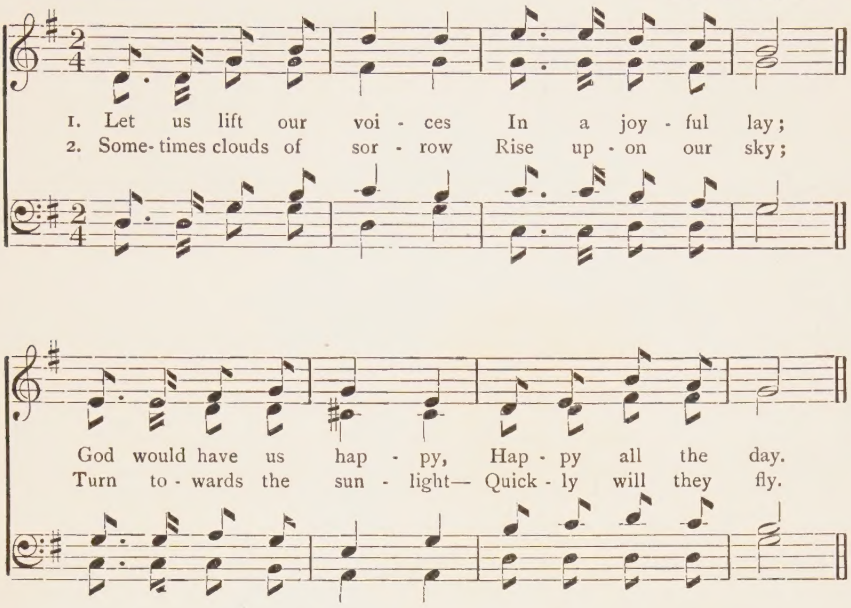
1. Prac - tice of the Law of Love, Bring - eth
2. Love di - vine em - brac - ing all In the
bless - ing from a - bove; Joy se - rene is mine for
world, both great and small, Will be mine in that de -
aye While I walk in wis - dom's way.
- gree That I let it shine through me.

3 Happy they who gain in youth
Knowledge of the Law of Truth,
Health of body and of mind
In obedience they find.

4 All the spirit's glorious powers,
Joy and truth and love are ours,
If we practise earnestly
This divine Theosophy.

27.—God would have us happy.

LOTUS SONG. D. SPENCE WHYTE.


1. Let us lift our voi - ces In a joy - ful lay;
2. Some- times clouds of sor - row Rise up - on our sky;
God would have us hap - py, Hap - py all the day.
Turn to - wards the sun - light— Quick - ly will they fly.

3 Always full of sunshine,
Never dull or shy,
Like the great Life-Giver
Shining in the sky.

4 Radiant we and happy;
What we have to do
Is to strive that others
Shall be happy too.

5 If another's fortune
Better seems than ours,
Easier his pathway,
Strewn with choicer flowers.

6 He hath well deserved it;
We his life will bless,
In his joy rejoicing,
Wish him happiness.

7 Lift we then our voices
In a joyous lay;
God would have us happy,
Happy every day.

28.—All's for the Best.

Author unknown. D. SPENCE WHYTE.

1. All's for the best! be san - guine and cheer - ful:
2. All's for the best! if man would but know it,
Trou - ble and sor - row are friends in dis - guise;
Pro - vi - dence wish - es that all may be blest;
Noth - ing but fol - ly goes faith - less and fear - ful;
This is no dream of a pun - dit or po - et,
Cour - age, for ev - er, if hap - py and wise.
Fact is not fan - cy, and all's for the best.

3 All's for the best! set this on your standard,
Soldier of sadness, or pilgrim of love,
Who to the shores of despair may have wandered,
A wearied swallow or heart-stricken dove.

4 All's for the best! dispel idle terrors,
Meet all your fears and your woes in the van,
And, in the midst of your dangers or errors,
Trust like a child and strive like a man.

5 All's for the best! unfailing, unbounded,
Nature designs that all shall be blest,
And both by wisdom and mercy surrounded,
Hope and be happy, for all's for the best.

29.—Life is Onward.

(From The Ethical Song Book). E. JOSEPHINE TROUP.

1. Life is on - ward ! use it With a for - ward aim ;
2. Life is on - ward ! heed it In each va - ried dress ;
Toil is heav'n - ly ; choose it, And its war - fare claim.
Your own act can speed it On to hap - pi - ness.
Look not to an - oth - er To per - form your will ;
His bright pin - ions o'er you Time waves not in vain,
Let not your own bro - ther Keep your warm hand still.
If hope chant be - fore you Her pro - phet - ic strain.

3 Life is onward ! never
Look upon the past ;
It would hold you ever
In its fetters fast.
Ne'er forbode new sorrow,
Bear that of to-day,
Thou shalt see the morrow
Chase the clouds away.

4 Life is onward ! treasure
Its eternal part ;
Give it without measure
All thy strength of heart.
Life is onward ! prize it
Sunlit or in storm ;
O do not despise it
In its humblest form.

30.—Inner Music.

Author unknown. From HUMMEL (1778–1837).

1. If we on - ly sought to bright-en Ev' - ry path - way dark with care;
2. If we on - ly strove to cher - ish Ev' - ry pure and ho - ly thought;
If we on - ly tried to light - en All the bur - dens oth - ers bear;
Till, with - in our heart, would per - ish All that is with ev - il fraught.
REFRAIN.
We should hear the an - gels sing - ing, All a - round us night and day;
We should feel that they were bringing Songs of love to cheer our way.

3 If it were our aim to ponder
On the good that we might win;
Soon our feet would cease to wander
In forbidden paths of sin.
We should hear, etc.

31.—Do Good in Thought.

Dr. Samuel Howard (1710–1782).

1. Do good in thought, Some fu - ture day 'Twill
2. Like this - tle - down, up - on the breeze Swift -
ri - pen in - to speech, And words are seeds that
- scat - ter'd here and there, Where good - ness dwells in
grow to deeds, None know how far they reach.
heart and mind, A fruit - ful har - vest bear.

3 So words will travel far, and these
Both words and deeds will be
Like bonds that closer draw mankind
In peace and charity.

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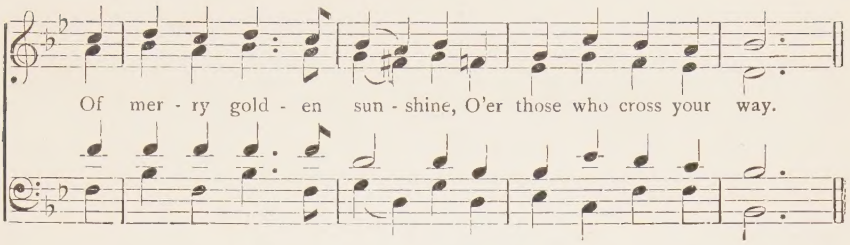
32.—Speak Kindly,

FANNY CROSBY. JOHANN A. P. SCHULZ, d. 1800.

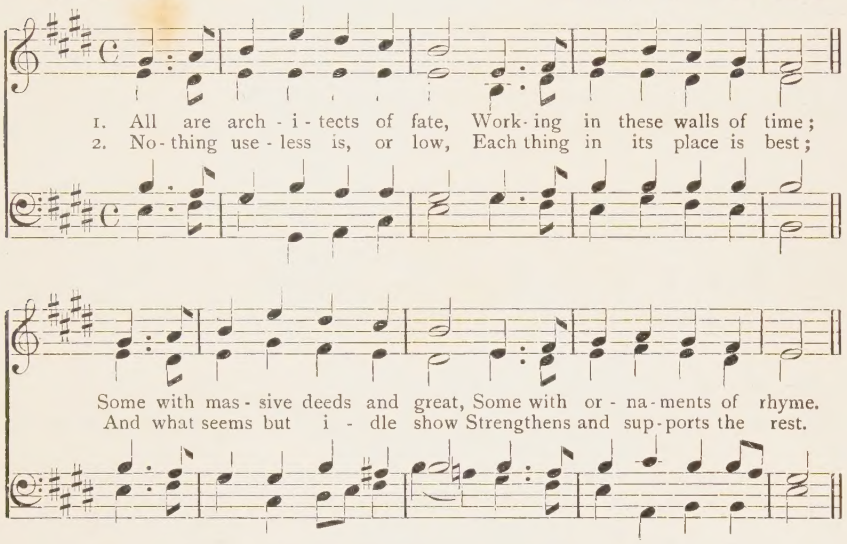
1. Speak kind - ly, O speak kind - ly, And drop a ge - nial ray,
2. When in some lone - ly des - ert One ver - dant spot ap - pears,
Of mer - ry gold - en sun - shine, O'er those who cross your way.
O how a sin - gle leaf - let, The wea - ry trav'l - ler cheers.
A word, a smile, like mag - ic, A throb-bing heart may still,
So words of kind - ness, spok - en When sor - row weaves her chain,
And chords that long were bur - ied In sud - den rap - ture thrill.
Bring back life's with - er'd ro - ses, And bid them bloom a - gain.
REFRAIN.
Speak kind - ly, O speak kind - ly, And drop a ge - nial ray,



3 Like seed that drops in springtime
Fresh from the sower's hand,
Like gentle showers descending
To lave the thirsty land;
Like dews that in the twilight
On nature's bosom fall,
Let words of love and kindness
Make glad the hearts of all.
Speak kindly, etc.

33.—Architects of Fate.

LONGFELLOW. ETHICAL HYMN BOOK. THIBAUT, KING OF NAVARRE.


1. All are arch - i - tects of fate, Work - ing in these walls of time;
2. No - thing use - less is, or low, Each thing in its place is best;
Some with mas - sive deeds and great, Some with or - na - ments of rhyme.
And what seems but i - dle show Strengthens and sup - ports the rest.

3 For the structure that we raise
Time is with materials filled;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

4 Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.

34.—Our Future.

REV. T. W. CHIGNELL. "EMPEROR'S HYMN," HAYDN (1732–1810).

1. Hap - py they who are not wea - ry of this life's per - pet - ual round,
2. Voi - ces from be - hind, be - fore us, from with - in and round us roll,
Who at each fresh task and du - ty feel their pow'rs in glad - ness bound;
Firm to truth and love, and loy - al be with lip and hand and soul.
Who are bent on win - ning knowledge, bent on liv - ing true and high,
O! what tri - umphs are be - fore us as the years and a - ges move!
Bent on some good work a - chiev - ing, serv - ing men be - fore they die.
Er - ror ban - ish'd by true know - ledge, cold - ness by the breath of love.

3 Noble thought becoming freer, uttered whole in word and deed,
Bigotry and thraldom dying, of religion and of creed.
Till of men a nobler pattern, sun and earth at length behold—
Broader-minded, broader-hearted, tender, manly, reverent, bold.

35. The Children's Mission.

COLIN STERNE.

TREBLES AND ALTOS ONLY.

H. ERNEST NICHOL, Mus. Bac., Oxon.

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Gracefully. ♩ = 132.
mf 1. I saw a stream-let flash - ing Like sil - ver in the light,
p 2. The chil - dren are our stream - lets, They come from heav'n a - bove,
As down the moun - tain dash - ing It took its head-long flight;
And flow - ing thro' a wea - ry earth They touch our hearts with love;
The thirs - ty grass and flow - ers All clus - ter'd round its brink,
mf True bles - sings spring a - round them Like flow - ers sweet and wild,
FOUR PARTS.
The wea - ry trav-'ller's heart was glad, As down he bent to drink.
The old man's heart is light a - gain In look - ing on a child.

3 O children! keep your freshness,
Wherever you may be!
Flow clear and sweetly onward,
Until you reach the sea;

p Be like a cooling fountain
Upon a summer day,
mf Sweet tokens of the love of God
That shall not pass away.

36.—Friends Unseen.

1. Hand in hand with an - gels through the world we go,
2. Hand in hand with an - gels; some are out of sight,
Bright - er eyes are on us than we blind ones know,
Lead - ing us, un - know - ing, in - to paths of light;
Tend - 'rer voi - ces cheer us, than - we deaf will own;
Some soft hands are cov - ered from our mor - tal grasp,
Nev - er, walk - ing heav - en - wards, can we walk a - lone.
Soul to soul to hold us with a firm - er clasp.

3 Hand in hand with angels walking every day—
How the chain may brighten none of us can say,
Yet it doubtless reaches from earth's lowest zone
To the loftiest spirit standing near the ONE.

4 Hand in hand with angels ever let us go,
Clinging to the strong ones, drawing up the slow,
One electric love-chord thrilling all with fire,
Soar we, through the ages, higher, ever higher.

37.—The Angel's Song.

E. H. Sears. TRADITIONAL.

1. It came up - on the midnight clear—That glo-rious song of old,
2. Still thro' the clo - ven skies they come With peace-ful wings un - furled;
From An - gels bend - ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold,
And still their heav'n-ly mu - sic floats O'er all the wea - ry world;
"Peace on the earth, good - will to men," From Heav'ns all - gra - cious King,
A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They bend on hov - 'ring wing,
The world in sol - emn still - ness lay To hear the An - gels sing.
And ev - er o'er its Ba - bel-sounds The bles - sed An - gels sing.

3 But with the woes of sin and strife,
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the Angels' strain have rolled
A million years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring:
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the Angels sing!

4 And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow;
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing,
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the Angels sing.

5 For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet bards foretold,
When, with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendour fling,
And the whole world give back the song,
Which now the Angels sing.

38.—Sowing and Reaping.

RALSTON.

1. Plough - ing the fields in the spring - time, Mark - ing the
2. Sow - ing the seed in the spring - time, Hid - ing it
fur - rows with care; Earn - est - ly, pa - tient - ly
deep in the earth; Trust - ing the rain and the
striv - ing The soft rich soil to pre - pare.
sun - shine, To has - ten the glad new birth.

3 Waiting with hope in the spring-time,
Singing a joyful refrain;
Knowing the autumn will yield us
A harvest of golden grain.

4 Sowing our thoughts in the spring-time,
Painting the pictures of life,
Brightened with truth, love and kindness,
Or darkened with hatred and strife.

39.—The Beacon Star.

CARNATION. TRADITIONAL.

1. The bea - con star of man - kind's birth At
2. And an - gel voi - ces ec - ho clear A -
mid - night dim - ly low'rs, But shin - ing eyes watch
- cross the a - ges dim; And when light fail'd, some
o'er the earth, Un - til the joy - ous hours, When
migh - ty seer Caught up the an - cient hymn, Or
men shall rise 'Neath sun - lit skies Of Dawn, like Lo - tus flowers.
pro - phets came On scroll of fame Th' e - ter - nal truths to limn.

3 And now a clarion voice rings out,
That men should helpers be,
From East to West an answering shout
Is borne across the sea;
And o'er all lands
Stretch golden strands
From hearts in sympathy.

4 Hope's sacred light shall upward gleam
With greater Hearts to link,
Wherein shall rise a living stream
Of truth, upon whose brink
The Lotus grows,
And where it flows
The parchéd earth shall drink.

40.—The Golden City.

(From The Ethical Song Book.) DR. FELIX ADLER.

mp
cres.
1. Have you heard the Gold - en Ci - ty Men - tion'd
2. We are build - ers of that Ci - ty; All our
in the le - gends old? Ev - er - last - ing light shines
joys and all our groans Help to rear the gleam - ing
f
o'er it, Won - drous tales of it are told. On - ly
ram - parts,— All our lives are build - ing stones. But the
righ - teous men and wo - men, Dwell with - in its gleam - ing
work that we have build - ed Oft with bleed-ing hands, and

wall, Wrong is ban - ish'd from its bor - ders, Jus - tice
tears, And in er - ror, and in an - guish, Will not
reigns su - preme o'er all; Wrong is ban - ish'd from its
per - ish with the years; But the work that we have
rit.
bor - ders, Jus - tice reigns su - preme o'er all.
build - ed, Will not per - ish with the years.

3 It will be at last made perfect
In the Universal Plan;
It will help to crown the labours
Of the toiling hosts of man,
It will last and shine transfigured,
In the final reign of right;
It will merge into the splendour
Of the City of the Light;
It will merge into the splendour
Of the City of the Light.

41.—Ring out the false, ring in the true.

LORD TENNYSON. From SCHUMANN (1810–1856).

1. Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky, The
2. Ring out the old, ring in the new, Ring,
fly - ing cloud, the fros - ty light; The year is dy - ing
hap - py bells, a - cross the snow, The year is go - ing,
in the night; Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.
let him go; Ring out the false, ring in the true.

3 Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

4 Ring out the slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

5 Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

6 Ring in the valiant and the free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

42.—Our Native Land.

W. E. Hickson. Traditional.

1. God bless our na - tive land; On her with
2. Not on this land a - lone, But be God's
boun - teous hand Heav'n's rich - es pour! May peace her
bless - ing known From shore to shore! And may all
pow'r ex - tend, Foe be trans - form'd to friend;
na - tions see That men should broth - ers be,
Our na - tion's pow'r de-pend On war no more.
And form one fam - i - ly, The wide world o'er.

43.—Angel Helpers.

UNKNOWN. "THE GYPSY TENT."

1. An - gels, our bro - thers, are mes - sen - gers bright, Ho - ly and
An - gels! be near us, bend from a - bove; Breathe on us
FINE.
beau - ti - ful, man - tled with light; Moved by their love for man,
bless - ing and strengthen our love.
vig - ils they keep, Watch - ing still ov - er him, wak - ing, a -
- sleep. An - gels! be near us, bend from a - bove;

Breathe on us bles - sing and strength - en our love.
Paths may be dan - ger - ous— trou - bles be sore—
Lead - ing us ten - der - ly ov - er life's way,
D.C.
An - gels press clos - er and guard us the more.
Ev - er be - friend - ing us, go where we may.

2 Seeking unceasingly how they may bless,
Helping increasingly souls in distress,
Planting in infancy courage and truth,
Raising, ennobling, the dreams of the youth—
Angels ! be near us, bend from above ;
Breathe on us blessing and strengthen our love.
They through life's pilgrimage evil tread down,
Win by their faithfulness purity's crown,
Openings for usefulness ever they seek,
Finding their pleasure in helping the weak.
Angels ! be near us, bend from above ;
Breathe on us blessing and strengthen our love.

3 Shield us in trouble, in danger, in strife ;
Aid us in climbing the steep hills of life ;
Midst all the storm and stress help us to hear
Music from higher worlds bringing good cheer.
Angels ! be near us, bend from above ;
Breathe on us blessing and strengthen our love.
Though in our weariness far we may roam—
Comfort us, cheer us with visions of home ;
Hope that shall never die lighting our way,
Lead us where dawneth the glorious day.
Angels ! be near us, bend from above ;
Breathe on us blessing and strengthen our love.

44.—Over and over again.

UNKNOWN. LOTUS SONG.

1. Ov-er and ov-er a-gain, No mat-ter which way we turn, We
2. We have no pow-er to stay The for-ces of sun or shower; Nor
al-ways find in the book of life Some les-sons we have to learn. We must
check the flow of the gold-en sands That run thro' a sin-gle hour. But the
take our turn at the mill, We must grind out the gold-en grain, We must
morn-ing dews must fall, And the sun and the sum-mer rain Must
work at our task with a re-so-lute will, Ov-er and ov-er a-gain.
do their part, and per-form it all Ov-er and ov-er a-gain.

3 Over and over again
The brook through the meadow flows,
And over and over and yet again
The ponderous mill-wheel goes!
Once doing will not suffice,
Though doing be not in vain;
And a blessing, failing us once or twice,
May come if we try again.

4 The path that has once been trod
Is never so rough for the feet;
And the lesson we once have learned
Is never so hard to repeat.
Though sorrowful tears may fall,
And the heart to its depths be riven
With storm and tempest, we need them all,
To render us fit for heaven.

45.—The Angels.

Author of Words and Music unknown.

1. When the chil - dren go to sleep, Lit - tle stars their kind watch
2. When the stars have gone to sleep, And the sun his watch doth
keep, Shin - ing down so calm and clear, Whis-p'ring gent - ly, "Do not
keep, Pour - ing forth his light and heat, La - den rich with pro - mise
fear!" Then the an - gels from a - bove, Bid them come with words of
sweet. Then the an - gels from on high, Gent - ly breathe a soft "Good-
love, In - to realms of pure de - light, There to bide till morn-ing light.
- bye!" And the chil - dren wing their flight Back to earth till star - ry night.

46.—Sow in the Morn thy Seed.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. DAY'S PSALTER (1563).
Abridged from Geneva Psalter (1543)

1. Sow in the morn thy seed; At
2. Be - side all wa - ters sow, The
eve hold not thy hand; To doubt and fear give
high - way fur - rows stock; Cast it where thorns and
thou no heed; Broad - cast it o'er the land.
this - tles grow; Cast it up - on the rock.

3 The good, the fruitful ground,
Expect not here nor there;
O'er hill and dale by plots 'tis found—
Go forth, then, everywhere.

4 And daily shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear—
And the full corn at length.

5 Thou can'st not toil in vain,
Light, heat, and moisture—all
Shall foster and mature the grain
For harvest in the fall.

47.—Love's Sunlight.

L. NIGHTINGALE. LOTUS SONG.

1. A voice from the hills and the val - leys is call - ing, The
2. The heart of our Moth - er the Soul U - ni - ver - sal, From
song of the riv - er is but its re - frain; Its
which we came forth and to which we re - turn, Her
ech - oes are heard when the soft rains are fall - ing; In
joy and her an - guish sends forth in dis - per - sal, From
son - or - ous tones winds re - peat it a - gain.
mil - lions of voic - es the les - sons we learn.

3 Her temple is holy, above us uprearing
Its blue-vaulted dome filled with incense most rare;
There, Nature's own children approach her unfearing,
Their silence is solitude, grander than prayer.

4 In rapture and awe meet the Spirit that greets them
(The heart disaffected their garb may not don)
Unseen at the portal, her messenger greets them:
"Abide in Love's sunlight; let all else pass on."

48.—Soul Flowers.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. UNKNOWN.

1. Pan - sies, lil - ies, ro - ses, Flow'rs of ev - 'ry hue,
2. Just as yon bright star - world Shows the might of God,
Take each one as bring - ing Thoughts of God to you;
So does ev - 'ry flow'r - et Spring - ing from the sod;
Tell - ing won - drous sto - ry Of the pow'r di - vine,
He who guides the star - world Curbs the o - cean's pow'r,
Whis - per - ing of beau - ty In each hue and line.
With the same hand paint - eth Ev - 'ry leaf and flow'r.

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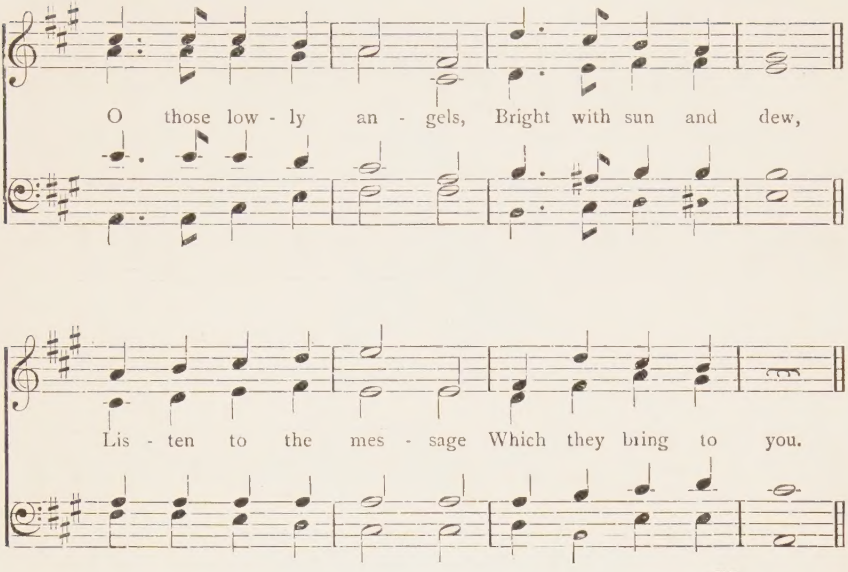

3 "Let your hearts be flowers,
Fragrant, beauteous, bright,
Like us gladly glistening
In the morning light:
Showing forth the glory
Of diviner love,
Whispering more clearly
Of a God above.
O those lowly angels, &c.

4 Fairer than the flowers,
Greater than the sky,
Are the little children,
Sons of God most high;
Shining with a glory
Far above the sun
In his splendour rising
Through the heavens to run."
O those lowly angels, &c.

49.—The Lotus.

UNKNOWN. WILLIAM BEST.

1. Deep in the earth of the world's de - sire, Far from the
2. Up thro' the wa - ter of fin - er sense, See the green
warmth and the sun - light's pow'r, Learn-ing its les - son of
stem on its heav'n - ward way, Striv-ing un - seen with a
mud and mire, Stretches the root of the lo - tus flow'r.
hope in - tense Thro' great en - deav our to find the day.

3 Up where the sun-god his radiance pours,
See the white crown of the lotus gleam;
Gazing where distant the skylark soars,
Earth-sights and shadows have grown a dream.

50.—Forward.

UNKNOWN. From HAYDN.

1. Forward, be our watchword, When the skies are bright, Forward, be our watchword,
2. One be we in spi - rit, One in heart and life, One great hu-man house-hold,
In the clou-dy night, Trust our shield and buck - ler, Hope our guid-ing star,
One in no-blest strife: One with men our bro - thers, Onward thus we wend,
Love our lord and cap-tain, In the ho - ly war. March we on to - geth - er,
One in joy and sor-row, One in life's great end. March we on to - geth - er,
To the cloud-capp'd height, Clad in life's bright ar - mour, Hands and hearts u - nite.
To the cloud-capp'd height, Clad in life's bright ar - mour, Hands and hearts u - nite.

51.—Sunshine.

(By kind permission of Messrs. Curwen.)

G. F. Root.

1. Catch the sun - shine! though it flick - ers, Through a
2. Catch the sun - shine! though life's tem - pest May un -
dark and dis - mal cloud; Though it falls so faint and
- furl the chill - ing blast, Catch the lit - tle hope - ful
fee - ble On a heart with sor - row bowed;
strag - gler, Storms will not for ev - er last;
Catch it quick - ly, it is pass - ing, Pass - ing
Don't give up, and feel for - sak - en; Don't be -

rap - id - ly a - way— It has on - ly come to
- gin to say you're sad; Look! there comes a gleam of
tell you, There is yet a bright - er day.
sun - shine, Catch it, O! it seems so glad.

3 Catch the sunshine! don't be grieving
O'er that darksome billow there;
Life's a sea of stormy billows—
We must meet them everywhere;
Pass right through them, do not tarry—
Overcome the heaving tide,
There's a sparkling gleam of sunshine
Waiting on the other side.

4 Catch the sunshine! catch it gladly,
Messenger in hope's employ;
Sent through clouds, through storm and billows,
Bringing you a cup of joy;
Don't be sighing, don't be weeping—
Life, you know, is but a span,
There's no time to sigh or sorrow,
Catch the sunshine while you can.

52.—One Little Star.

UNKOWN. LOTUS SONG.

1. One lit - tle star in the star - ry night,
2. One lit - tle flow'r in the won - der - ful spring,
One lit - tle beam in the noon - day light, One lit - tle drop in the
One lit - tle fea - ther in one lit - tle wing, One lit - tle note which the
riv - er's might, What can it be? O what can it be?
lit - tle birds sing, All are so lit - tle, fee - ble and few.

3 Each little star has its special ray,
Each little beam has its place in the day,
Each little river-drop impulse and way,
Feather and flowers and songlet help, too

4 Each little child can some love-work find,
Each little heart and each little mind,
All can be gentle and loving and kind,
Though they are little, like me and like you.

53.—If we daily labour.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER. "FIDES."

1. If we dai - ly la - bour, do - ing what we can,
2. Is our sky be - cloud - ed? clouds will pass ere long;
And with true af - fec - tion love our bro - ther - man,
Have we grief or sad - ness? pa - tience, and be strong!
Kar - ma's cer - tain ac - tion, will our good in - crease,
For al - though our sor - row for the night may last,
Crown our lives with bless - ing, fill our hearts with peace.
Soon a glad to - mor - row breaks up - on us fast.

3 Wisdom conquers sorrow; vanquished is our foe;
On our way rejoicing, thankful let us go;
In the Path is safety, in the Law our joy,
Who, if we be faithful, can our hope destroy?

4 So may holy gladness fill our longing heart,
So may sin and sadness evermore depart;
So this noble teaching harvest great shall bear,
And our earnest efforts find fruition fair.

54.—If I were a Sunbeam.

(By kind permission of Messrs. Curwen.)

G. F. Root.

1. If I were a sun - beam, I know what I would do, I'd
2. If I were a sun - beam, I know where I would go, In -
seek the whit - est li - lies, The rain - y wood - land through;
- to the low - liest hov - els, All dark with want and woe;
Steal - ing in a - mong them, The soft - est light I'd shed, Un -
Till sad hearts look'd up - ward I there would shine and shine, Then
- til each grace - ful li - ly Raised its droop - ing head.
they would think of hea - ven, Their sweet home and mine.

3 Art not thou a sunbeam,
O child, whose life is glad,
With still an inner radiance
That sunshine never had?

As the Lord has blessed thee,
O scatter rays divine,
For there can be no sunbeam
But must die, or shine.

55.—Work is Prayer.

UNKNOWN. LOTUS SONG.

1. Bro - thers, be ye who ye may, En - ter ye the
2. Life is toil, and all that lives Sa - cri - fice of
glo - rious way Help un - ceas - ing, work with might,
la - bour gives; Wa - ter, fire and air and earth,
Work in dark - ness, work in light; Life hath yet no
Rest not, pause not, from their birth. Sa - cred toil doth
hours to spare, Life is work and life is pray'r.
na - ture share, Love is la - bour, work is pray'r.

3 Brother, with thy brothers stand,
Pledge thy truth and give thy hand,
Raise the downcaast, help the weak,
Toil for good, for virtue speak;
Let thy brother be thy care,
Love is labour, work is prayer.

56.—The Bright Side.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX. M. LINDSAY (adapted).

1. I know as my life grows old - er, And mine eyes have clear - er sight,
2. I know that each sin - ful ac - tion, As sure as the night brings shade,
That un - der each rank wrong, somewhere There lies the root of right;
Is some - where, some - time, pun - ish'd, Tho' the hour be long de - lay'd.
That each sor - row has its pur - pose, By the sor - rowing oft un - guess'd,
I know that the soul is aid - ed Some - times by the heart's un - rest,
That as sure as the sun brings morning, What - ev - er is, is best.
And to grow means oft to suf - fer— But what - ev - er is, is best.

3 I know that there are no errors
In the great eternal plan,
And that all things work together
For the final good of man.

And I know when my soul speeds onward
In its grand eternal quest,
I shall say, as I look back earthward,
"Whatever is, is best."

57.—Life is Real.

LONGFELLOW.

1. Life is re - al, life is ear - nest, And the grave is not its goal;
2. Art is long and Time is fleet - ing, And our hearts, tho' stout and brave,
"Dust thou art, to dust re - turn-est," Was not spo - ken of the soul.
Still like muf - fled drums are beat - ing Fune-ral march- es to the grave.
Not en - joy - ment and not sor - row Is our des - tined end or way;
Lives of great men all re - mind us We can make our lives sub - lime,
But to act that each to - mor - row Finds us fur - ther than to - day.
And, de - part - ing, leave be - hind us Foot-prints on the sands of time.

3 Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

58.—Wishing.

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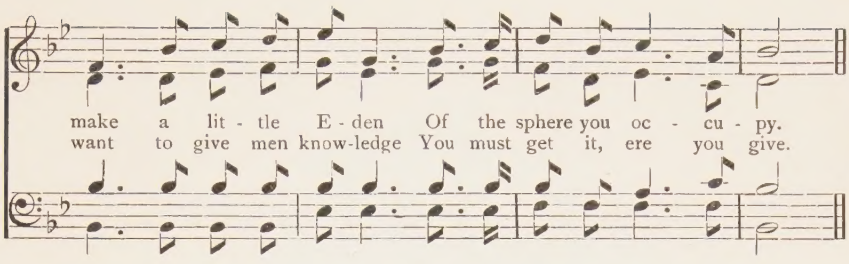
ELLA WHEELER WILCOX. P. P. BLISS.

1. Do you wish the world were bet - ter? Let me tell you what to
2. Do you wish the world were wis - er? Well, sup - pose you make a
do: Set a watch up - on your ac - tions, Keep them
start, By ac - cu - mu - lat - ing wis - dom In the
al - ways straight and true; Rid your mind of sel - fish
scrap - book of your heart: Do not waste one page on
mo - tives; Let your thoughts be clean and high; You can
fol - ly; Live to learn, and learn to live; If you



3 Do you wish the world were happy?
Then remember day by day
Just to scatter seeds of kindness
As you pass along the way;
For the pleasures of the many
May be ofttimes traced to one,
As the hand that plants an acorn
Shelters armies from the sun.

59.—The Ladder.

LONGFELLOW. Attributed to CRASSELIUS.

1. Saint Au-gus-tine! well hast thou said, That of our vi - ces we can frame
2. All com-mon things, each day's e - vents That with the hour be - gin and end;
A lad - der, if we will but tread Be - neath our feet each deed of shame.
Our plea-sures and our dis - con-tents, Are rounds by which we may as - cend.

3 The longing for ignoble things,
The strife for triumph more than truth,
The hard'ning of the heart, which brings
Irreverence for the dreams of youth.

4 All these must first be trampled down
Beneath our feet, if we would gain
In the bright fields of fair renown
The right of eminent domain!

5 The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upwards in the night.

6 Standing on what too long we bore
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,
We may discern, unseen before,
A Path to higher destinies.

60.—Seed Time.

AUTHOR OF WORDS AND OF MUSIC UNKNOWN.

1. Come, let us sow with a gen - 'rous hand, Pause not for toil or
2. Sow—for the hours are fleet - ing, And the seeds must fall to -
pain;.... Wea - ry not through the heat of sum - mer, Wea - ry
- day;..... And care not what hands may reap it, Or
not through the cold spring rain; But wait till the au - tumn
if you have passed a - way Be - fore the wav - ing
comes,..... For the sheaves of gold - en grain.
corn - fields Shall glad - den the sun - ny day.

3 Sow! and look onward, upward,
Where the starry light appears;
Where, in spite of coward's doubting,
Or your own heart's trembling fears,
You shall reap in joy the harvest
You have sown to-day in tears.

61.—Come, little Leaves.

LOTUS SONG.

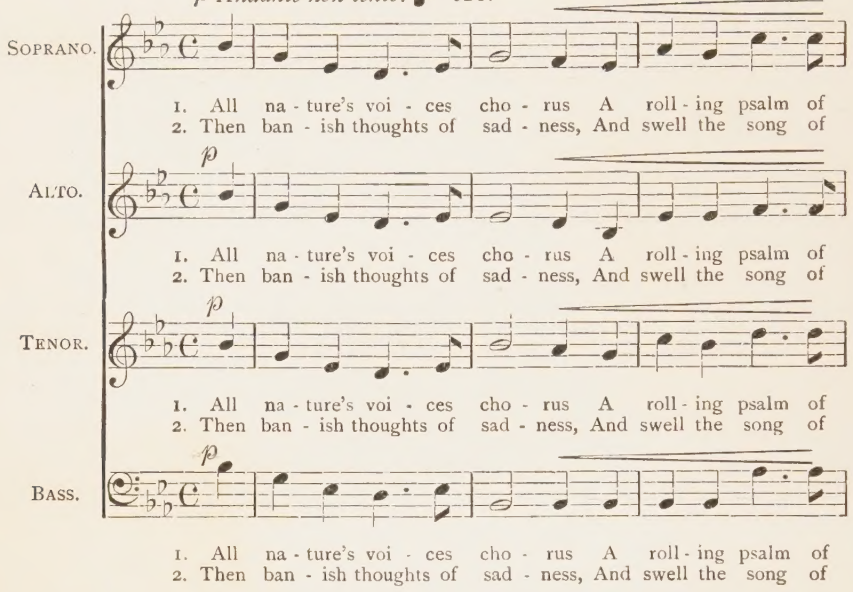
Allegro.
1. Come, lit - tle leaves, said the wind one day,
2. Soon as the leaves heard the wind's loud call
Come o'er the mead - ows with me and play,
Down they came flut - ter - ing, one and all,
Put on your dress - es of red and gold, For
Ov - er the brown fields they danced and flew,
rall.
sum - mer is gone and the days are cold.
Sing - ing the soft lit - tle songs they knew.

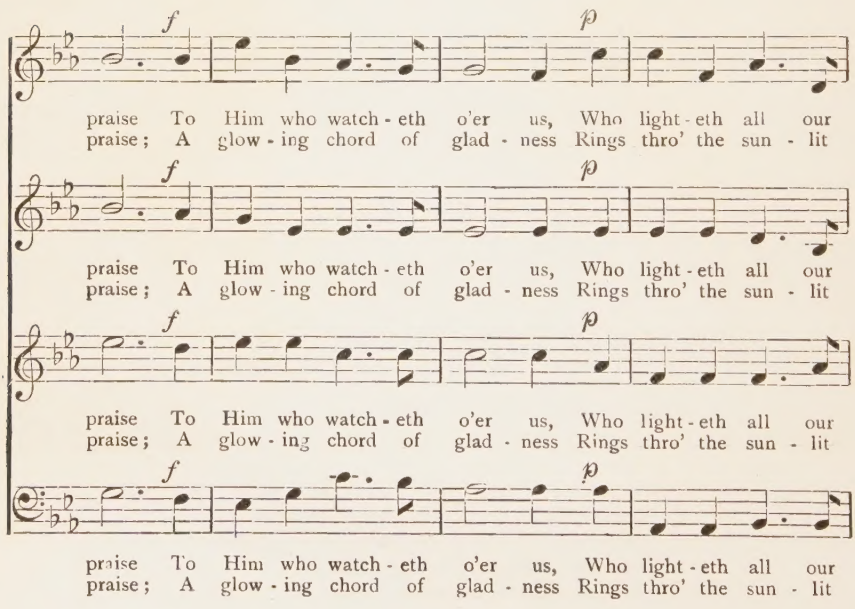
3 Dancing and whirling, the little leaves went;
Winter had called them and they were content;
Soon fast asleep in their earthy beds
The snow laid a coverlet over their heads.

62.—A Song of Praise.

CARNATION. MENDELSSOHN.

p Andante non lento. ♩ = 120.


SOPRANO.
ALTO.
TENOR.
BASS.
1. All na - ture's voi - ces cho - rus A roll - ing psalm of
2. Then ban - ish thoughts of sad - ness, And swell the song of



cres - cen - do.
ways. His life in ful - lest mea - sure
days; And an - gel voi - ces cheer us,
cres - - cen - - - do.
ways. His life in ful - - lest mea - sure
days; And an - gel voi - - ces cheer us,
cres - - cen - - - do.
ways. His life in ful - - lest mea - sure
days; And an - gel voi - - ces cheer us,
cres - - cen - do.
ways. His life in ful - lest mea - sure
days; And an - gel voi - ces cheer us,
f pp
Waits for our heart's clear call, His beau - ty is our
Steal - ing a - cross the night, Their wist - ful hands are
f pp
Waits for our heart's clear call, His beau - ty is our
Steal - ing a - cross the night, Their wist - ful hands are
f pp
Waits for our heart's clear call, His beau - ty is our
Steal - ing a - cross the night, Their wist - ful hands are
f pp
Waits for our heart's clear call, His beau - ty is our
Steal - ing a - cross the night, Their wist - ful hands are

f
Trea - sure, His bless - ings rich - ly fall, To win us on from
near us, To lead us to the Light, Their shield-ing arms would
f
Trea - sure, His bless - ings rich - ly fall, To win us on from
near us, To lead us to the Light, Their shield-ing arms would
f
Trea - sure, His bless - ings rich - ly fall, To win us on from
near us, To lead us to the Light, Their shield-ing arms would
cres. sf
f
Trea - sure, To win us on from night to
near us, Their shield-ing arms would guide us
dim.
p
night to day, Where He is All in All.
guide us home, Where Faith may walk by sight.
dim.
p
night to day, Where He..... is All in All.
guide us home, Where Faith..... may walk by sight.
dim.
p
night to day, Where He is All in All.
guide us home, Where Faith may walk by sight.
dim.
p
day, Where He is All in All.
home, Where faith may walk by sight.

63.—Ye who have passed away.

Words and Music by GEORGE WHYTE, M.A.

1. Ye who have pass'd a - way Out from the storm; Ye who have cast a - way
Earth's mor - tal form; Ye who were near to us, Bring-ing good cheer to us;
Ye who were dear to us, Calm be your rest, Near to us, dear to us,
pp
rall.
Calm be your rest; Near to us, dear to us, Calm be your rest.

2 Here is no hiding place
Where we may hide;
Here no abiding place
Where we may bide;
Ye who have fought the fight
Till day has brought the night;
Ye who have sought the light,
Calm be your rest,
Fought the fight, sought the light,
Calm be your rest;
Fought the fight, sought the light,
Calm be your rest.

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Would you like to be a hero?	19
Ye who have passed away	63

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